

STORIES FROM SQUAN BEACH

A GHOST THAT CHEWS TOBACCO.

Rambling Old Hotel with Solid Mahogany Doors and Ebony Banisters, Yellow Pins Parcels from Wreathed Panels and Coasters—A Man Was Never Known to Spend 1,000 Lives.

Except to a few of the more enterprising hunters and fisherman of the large cities, Squan Beach has been until recently almost unknown. It is nothing more than an arid sand spit from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles wide, extending for twenty miles down between the Atlantic Ocean and Barnegat Bay. From the earliest history of the country "desolate Squan" has been known as a shore fraught with terrible danger to navigators. To the horrors of shipwreck were added the terrors of the Barnegat wrecks, who, it is said, had as lawn, pray every vessel and its contents while the violence of weather threw into their hands, and many were the stories told of false lights, of crews murdered, and wealth dishonestly acquired upon those dreary sands.

What little was known of the few people there represented them as a class whose existence was long experience of roughing it. Many of the ancient legendary stories of Squan Beach have departed, the primitive life of the people has given way to an advanced, Jacobean stripiness that has as yet broadly after for the main channel. The sturdy sons of the fishermen are being replaced by the birches, cottons, and summer residents, and a gay, low-down Squan boat frame has been built which never since its erection has caused to be a source of wonder to the admiring beachgoers.

The occupations of the original beachgoers were the same as those followed by their descendants—hunting, fishing, and wrecking, though the latter industry is now carried on with a less cheerful law and order. They are a leisurely, taciturn, hospitable and superstitious people, with a bountiful faith in reality of ghosts and the efficacy of omens and warnings. When a Squan beachgoer says, "a warning," he takes his boat, goes over to the main land, selects the place where he would like to be buried, and insists upon being buried there if the course in not ready until twenty years after, as not infrequently happens.

While many old ideas and landmarks are passing away before the march of improvement, there are two that seem destined to endure through the ruler shocks and innovations. These are Chadwick's and faith in ghosts. They are mentioned together for the reason that they are inseparable, as the visitors to Squan Beach will discover. Chadwick's people were, was, and still are the most numerous. Tom, the shanty on the beach of William P. Chadwick, the present representative of the name, had an existence. The earliest legends concerning him date back to 1840, when a boatful of wrecks where the wealthy and virtuous New York sportmen of half a century or more were roughed it while shooting at no other place afforded. Year by year the coming of more sportsmen demanded more room, and the genius of Chadwick, combining the two, was born. He worked until it is now a quiet, uncouth, rambling old boat, full of cubby holes and corners, and full of the most莫名其妙的奇思妙想. Billy Chawick is fisherman, hunter, and sailor, and equally at home in either capacity. A hardy, strong-hearted man, to a large extent self-taught, he is a true son of the soil, honest, bold, and ready; of the race of every man that ever lived. To show that Mr. Chadwick is not without provision for his own comfort, he has made a small fortune. Captain of the United States life-saving station on the beach, and during the past ten years has saved all help to the coast, and the last year he got \$10,000 for the service.

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